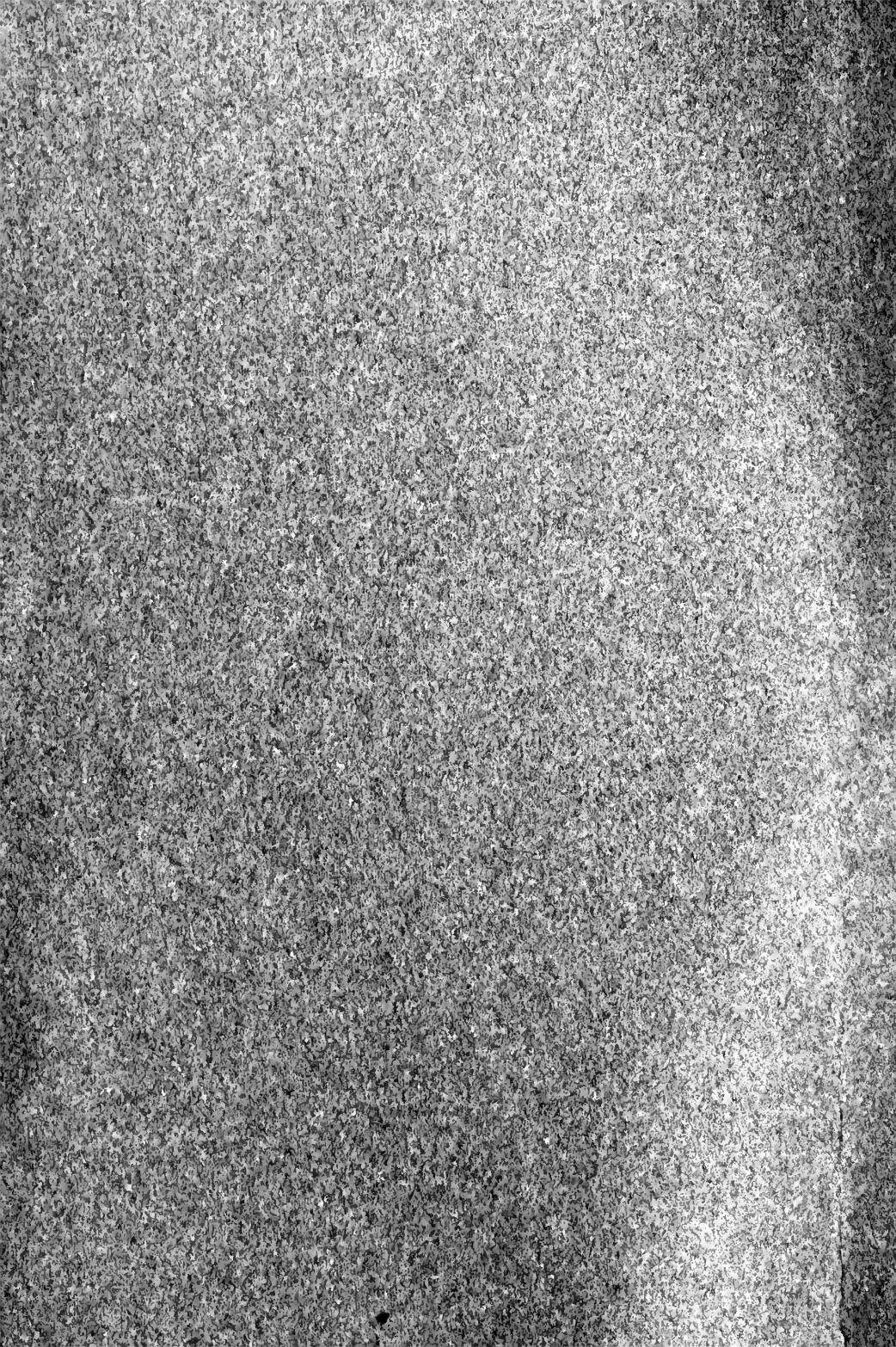


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In Elysian Land

Entered A. Wayles.







S e ñ o r i t a

(Felicidad Adrillano, a Filipino schoolgirl.)

In Lotus Land

or

Lovely Life in the Orient

A Volume of Poems

By

Euretta A. Hoyles

✓ Dec. 2nd, 1904
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By EURETTA A. HOYLES

Dedicated to
Miss Caroline Danford;
Head Nurse at San Lazaro Hospital,
Manila, P. I.

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Greetings.

O Philippines, heroic scenes
Stand in thy history's pages,
And Heaven itself above thee leans
To watch thy work of ages,
Magellan, helmsman, sailor bold,
Legaspi, wise and daring,
With brave Rizal, to envy sold.
This hour with you are sharing.

Greetings receive! Your dream believe!
Work out your loved ideal,
The fleeting wish in deeds achieve
And make your longings real,
Your mines and woods, your fields and seas,
Are wealth beyond all rating
And all the power that comes from these.
For you is only waiting.

The Southern Cross.

Low in an arc of the tropic sky,
Shineth the Southern Cross.
Faintly, but purely, it gleams on high,
On humanity's triumph and loss.
Pointers it has, like the polar sign;
They point to a larger cross,
Brighter and higher and in the same line,
But luring the eye with dross.
Each night the false cross is unfurled
And the true one follows it.
As if to say—"Take heed, O world,
False guides, though bright, do not
permit."
O Cross, what tragedies hast thou seen,
While shining the centuries through,
What strife and despair, with hope between,
While the nations groped for the true!
And ever thou didst hold the light
Of thy holy sign on high,
And pointed the feet of men aright,
To the life that will not die.
Art satisfied with the ages' work?
Canst see men looking to thee?
Shine on, O Cross, till no dark deeds lurk,
In a world the Christ-life makes free.

The Thomas.

In the blue sea of space above
Sails the golden ship of a star,
With an inner fire and a trail of cloud
And a life that pulses and bears it afar,
Straight on and on to the harbor bar.

Below the star, on the blue of the wave,
Sails a ship that is westward borne,
Steady and sure as the stars it sails.
With a heart of fire and a flag untorn,
West and a-west, by gales unshorn.

For a soul awake and alert is its guide,
Bearing the burden of safety's price;
At the bidding of him, the engine's chief,
Lever and shaft, like the conjurer's dice,
Rise and fall, as his words entice.

Met are the two, the wave and the man,
Measureless waste of waters out-rolled,
Measureless daring of dauntless soul,
Spirit grown prescient, heart kindly bold,
Through service like thine meet the new world
and old.

The Flying-Fish.

We saw it flash from the water
 Above the Pacific's blue,
Something of white and of silver
 That tremblingly poised and flew.

Was it a morning sunbeam,
 Caught in the ocean spray?
Was it a fair land-pigeon
 Strayed from its home away?

Was it a cloud-curl descending
 To play in that other sky?
Was it a white-cap stranded,
 Rocking too daringly high?

Not any of these, but fairer,
 Life with an instinct fine,
Shunning a conflict in darkness,
 And mounting above the brine.

Feeling its wings. God-given,
 Trusting them, filmy and frail,
Rising to elements higher,
 Baffling, thus, foes that assail.

So the message came that morning,
 True note for an ocean creed,
Strive not, but wing thee higher
 For wings are awaiting thy need.

Legend of the Flying-Fish.

A soul had passed from its earth life,
And before Lord Buddha stood,
Calmly awaiting sentence,
As only a pure soul could.

This, as men saw who loved him,
His neighbors and kindred near,
But the eyes of the Master see clearer,
And fairer the dream of the seer.

For by the law of Buddha,
Each soul must be born again,
Mounting through lowly creatures
Again to the life of men.

So elements blend universal
And nature cycles in soul,
And the tides and birds and fishes
Join in a kindly whole.

And Buddha spake to the spirit—
Full well his goodness he knew—
The ocean's freedom and rhythm
And infinite power are for you.

A fish, you shall dart in the water,
Yet neither shall strive nor fall prey,
White wings shall be yours—behold them,
To bear you above the spray.

A silence and flash of silver,
Men saw a fairy fish;
But² Lord Buddha saw a spirit
Fulfilling its Maker's wish.

An Ocean Reverie.

On, on we sailed, from gray to noon,
Through bright blue days and veils of rain,
And nights deep-flooded by the moon,
 On darkness blossoming in stars;
Ever a trail of billowing smoke
 Told of our chimney's fiery pulse,
Ever our mast-head's bright light spoke,
 Of the faithful watch that was kept for us,
We feel the swell, the rhythm, the breeze,
 The water's swirl and purr and lap,
We glide into our sleep with these,
 And wake to feel their spell anew;
A sea-dream folds us, and we grow
 Impersonal and timeless as we float,
The sky above, the sea below,
 And sit between two blue infinities.
And thought to primal oceans roams,
 Throbbing with protoplasmic life,
And sea-beds waiting to be homes,
 For human life's late pain and joy;
We muse of Venus, ocean-born,
 And wonder how much strength and grace,
And all the loves that life adorn,
 Are our old sea-born heritage;
The sea-clasped earth becomes one family,
 Shore beckons shore, and timid man
The ocean tempts forth coaxingly,
 With charm and wiles all-powerful;
He goes, he struggles, gains the helm,
 A health to all mankind he drinks
And learns the truth of brotherhood.

A Day Lost At Sea.

Lost on the wide Pacific,

In the very midst of our way,
A day of life's golden gladness,
One whole fair ocean-day.

'Twas an offering made to Neptune,
That our voyage might be fair,
He claimed our sweetest possession,
And holds it in his care.

He came in the night as we slumbered,
And took the sacrifice,
And we only knew it at morning
When we saw the new sun-rise.

We guessed by the sea's gray twinkle
Some secret there was to tell,
And learned we had slept enchanted,
Under Lord Neptune's spell.

But our day he holds but in hostage,
A pledge for duties done,
He will give it back to our keeping,
When we make our homeward run.

Fuji Yama.

Fuji Yama, up in cloudland,
 White with centuries of snow,
Shut off from all human presence,
 Trails a robe of blue below,
Purple, violet, amethyst,
 Melting down to earthly level,
Till by sunrise she is kissed.

Heart of slumbering fire within her,
 Hushed and healed by snowy drifts,
In serenity of conquest,
 To the sun her brow she lifts
Pink and pearl and gold and amber,
 Float the clouds about her knees,
Lo, the sun-touch! Bathed in glory,
 Fuji waits her devotees.

White-robed pilgrims, sandal-shod,
 Up the mountain pathway climb,
Stopping at each votive chapel,
 Hero's tomb of ancient time,
Buddha's shrine or Shinto temple;
 Each seeks peace through penance done,
And with hymns they greet the sun.

Homeward turn the raptured pilgrims,
 Burdens lifted, hearts heaven-turned,
They have been in sacred presence,
 Fuji Yama's meaning learned,
Felt her love for Nippon's children,
 Felt the charm of purity,
While below, in waves reflected,
 Fuji smiles out of the sea.

Great Buddha.

Pilgrims we were to a hill-set shrine,
 In the dewy cool of a morning;
We had heard of the wonderful Buddha of bronze,
 We would have his counsel and warning;
Seated we found him, in centuried calm;
 Though his sacred temple had vanished,
Earthquake and storm and tidal wave,
 Had never the Master banished.

Under the shade of giant pines,
 And the cryptomeria's grace,
Lighted by cherry and plum-tree blooms,
 We climbed to that holy place;
Here was embodied a nation's thought,
 Passion controlled and subjected,
Faith in the Infinite Spirit of All,
 Rapture of knowledge perfected.

Sympathy one with man and brute,
 Peace born of self-abnegation,
Calm meditation, unceasing content,
 Sprung from sublime contemplation;
Pathos and sweetness of eastern lives,
 Gospel of patience unending,
Is the new wholly new or the west alone true,
 Or is truth the flower of their blending?

The new but fulfils; it does not destroy,
 Sunlight it pours on the sage's dreaming,
Still in life's stress, we recognize
 The Buddha's law that all is but seeming,
We would share and not give,
 We would learn, as we tarry,
And back to the shores of the western world
 An eastern message from Buddha carry.

Easter In The Orient.

Even in Lotus-land, lapped by the sea,
Comes there a spring burst of blossom and song.
The fire-tree glows red, like a torch-lighted tree.
And Madre Cacao goes creeping along,
Pink as the peach-blooms in orchards a-west;
And the mynah-bird flies on swifter wing,
To a garden green where her mate and nest
Wait for the joy her coming will bring.

In the old walled street, green-rimmed with moss,
In the early hush of the Sabbath day,
White-kerchiefed children carry the cross,
In the dusk and cool of the shadows gray;
To the risen Christ they sing a hymn,
And the Padre's voice swells the children's song,
As they turn their steps to the portals dim,
Where the saints guard the steps of the
entering throng.

Within the cathedral the kneelers all
Adore Maria and San Jose,
And the Padre climbs to his pulpit tall,
His Easter message of hope to say;
There is joy in his voice and a thrill in his words,
For his land is free and in touch with mankind;
Justice, her armor invincible girds,
And life's worth the living in spite of its grind.

And the stranger straying amid the throng,
Feels that Easter has followed him over the wave,
He blesses the chant, the prayer, the song,
And the better future which human hearts crave.
All lands yearn heavenward, the sea but unites,
Shore beckons shore and waves yield to men,
Time only strengthens man's claim to his rights,
Life's worth the living, again and again.

The Hospital.

We had not come to stay,
 Slight need of the hospital, we!
But when we entered, you see,
 We found that the Lotus held sway.

To Lotus-Land we had sailed,
 Its spell was upon our life,
All yield in the Lotus-strife,
 Our feeble resistance failed.

And the Lotus-Elves each day,
 Smiled at our vain unrest,
Vanished and came, nor guessed
 They had stolen our hearts away.

Nurses we heard them called.
 I am sure they were Lotus-Elves
Who had tasted the Lotus' sweet themselves,
 And so our spirit enthralled.

Jusi.

Underneath that nipa roof
Runs a fairy loom,
Shining threads for warp and woof
Fill the lowly room.

'Tis the hemp-tree gives the thread,
Strands of silk and gloss,
Backward, forward, shuttle-fed,
Speeds the shining floss.

Clouds of rose or sunset's gold,
Violet, amethyst and green,
Pearly whiteness fold on fold,
Glides along in silver sheen.

Here is jusi, striped and barred,
Flowered, dotted, plain,
By the piece or by the yard;
'Twill not long remain.

Thus my señorita sings;
Her work she does not cease,
But over me a charm she flings,
I straightway buy a piece.

The Banana Leaf.

Of all the green leaves that before me unroll,
I love best to watch the banana's scroll,
A virginal leaf—the topmost of all,
Loosening its coil to the sun's coaxing call.

Transparently green, untorn by the wind,
Pure as a life that never has sinned,
Fed by gold streamlets crossing the green,
To an edge that was cut by some sculptor unseen.
What secrets dost write in that close-wrought
scroll,

Emerald leaf, as you slowly unroll?
Are you counting bananas still in bud,
Or strengthening fiber 'gainst wind and flood?
Or are you teaching the bee to find
The honey with which your red flower-sheath is
lined,
That he may help ripen, all he can,
Gloria golden and sweet lacatan?
Whatever it is you so tightly hold,
I'm resolved to read when you're all unrolled,
Under your unfurled banner I'll stand,
And then you will make me understand.

The Cocoa Palm.

Once the cocoa palm-tree
Slept within a shell,
Brown and rough the cradle.
But the palm slept well.
Finally it wakened,
Found a little door,
Saw a new world waiting,
Never dreamed before.
Out and up it clambered,
Pushing great green plumes;
These were meant to shelter
Suites of airy rooms.
There in leafy coolness
Close to Mother Palm
Nestle her own children,
Safe in wind and calm.
With rich milk she feeds them,
Rocks and tends them well,
Sings and watches ever,
While with her they dwell.
Secrets deep she teaches,
All the palm-tree lore,
How they may be servants,
To man forever more.
For houses, ships and garments,
On you he will rely,
And you with dainty fibers,
These needs will satisfy.
For cups and jars and ladies
And food and wine he'll look,
And you will give him paper,
On which to write his book.
Go now, my cocoa-children,
A life of service lead,
In loving, generous giving,
Supply man's daily need.

Bells on a Tree.

Up in the big macupa tree
White-tasseled flowers wave,
They are making a wonderful fairy fruit,
Which the queen of fairies might crave.

'Tis nothing less than rosy bells,
O, the softest, daintiest rose.
Folding its rims in dimpling curves,
Which a heart of snow enclose.

And a clapper hangs to tell the hour
When the rosy bells may ring,
The children and I can hardly wait,
For the music their ripeness will bring.

"Come, taste my spice, you'll find it nice."
The pink chimes seem to say,
"Come taste my spice," the bells entice,
As they swing in the tree all day.

The Mango Tree.

O, the mango tree weaves a tent of shade,
That is good in the tropical noon,
Its giant trunk and gnarled old roots,
Fight with the fierce typhoon.

A mighty arm it loves to send,
Straight out, horizontally,
Low over Mother Earth to bend,
Before climbing up to the sky.

Its fruit has curves that are all its own;
O, the mango curve who shall describe?
And the juicy lusciousness thick round the
stone,
Is a gift of heaven to men.

Tiny gold flowers cradle this fruit;
They're in league with the sun's own
gold,
And that is the way such little flowers
Into matchless fruits unfold.

Señorita.

From her nipa bahay
Comes my señorita,
Down the bamboo ladder,
Queenly Margarita.
Saya trail she carries,
Starched and gay and flowing,
Underneath its edges,
Sandals brown are showing.
To tell of her camisa
I despair of trying,
Sleeves so fine and filmy,
Two butterflies a-flying.
There are señorita's
Great anxiety,
She must keep them upright,
'Tis propriety.
Books has señorita,
(But she sighs for others,)
She's going to the high-school,
With her older brothers.
She opens her pañuelo,
My generous señorita,
And forth come luscious chicos,
And fragrant sampaguita.
These are for the maestra,
She loves my señorita,
And calls my orient schoolgirl,
Her dear, black-eyed chiquita.
She's going to be a teacher,
My faithful señorita,
And perhaps across the ocean,
Will go my Margarita.
And Paula and Juanita,
Pilar and Agapita,
A band of earnest students,
Will join my señorita.

The Lang-Lang.

Green stars up in a tall tree burn,
 Where the bamboo ladder waits
From green to gold the flowers turn,
 While the master their value rates.

And brown boys come their baskets to fill
 To coin the flowers to gold,
In the coil of the chemist's crucial still,
 Their essence they will unfold.

Subtly refreshing—a garden dream,
 'Twill travel over the sea,
And when you breathe lang-lang you will
 seem
 In the Orient to be.

A Dream of Willows.

When you long for willows,
 Growing in a clump,
Bending just as willows bend,
 Slender-leaved and slender-stemmed,
Springing from a stump,
 Mingling gold with palegreen tints,
Umber shades and amber glints,
 Look upon the bamboo tree.
You will fancy that you see
 Willows from across the deep;
And a dream of home will fly,
 Straightway to your wakeful eye,
When you try to go to sleep,
 Tossing on your pillows.

The Bamboo.

Slender, clustered, airy shafts,
 Green as precious malachite,
Carved by cunning handicrafts,
 Rise the bamboos to the light.

Jointwise from a tangled base,
 Relic of its reedy birth,
Climbs the reed-tree up to space,
 Stands among the trees of earth.

Guards itself with thick set thorns,
 While it shapes a thousand gifts,
Serves and comforts and adorns,
 And a cooling shade uplifts.

Legend of the Bamboo.

A slender reed in the jungle grew,
Ages ago, when the world was new,
Straight rose its shining green from the slime
And 'twas built in steps as if meant to
climb.
The reed looked out to the mangrove trees
And the cocoapalms which waved in the
breeze,
Up to the cloud-drift's sunny sheen,
Down to its jointed stem of green.
Here is a ladder. Can I not climb?
Can I not grow to a tree sometime?
It followed the impulse and used the means;
Higher it rose, to wider scenes,
Over the homes of men it towered,
Folded them, sheltered and embowered;
For the generous sun wove a net of leaves
And a thicket of golden boughs with
these.
Gifts were they to the reed-born tree
That set itself from the jungle free.
Men gave to the tree the name bamboo,
But still to its humble marsh birth true,
It ever wears the same green clothes,
And shows the ladder by which it rose,
Thus, as the eastern legends tell,
*Cawayan came with men to dwell.

(*Note: Cawayan is the Tagalog for bamboo.)

When the Bamboo Bloomed.

Once on parched India's plain,
 Came famine with all its pain,
No rice was reaped in the harvest-field,
 No water the springs could yield,
And the people in despair,
 Called to Lord Buddha in prayer,
While priests in procession long,
 Chanted their sacred song.

When lo! surpassing belief,
 A marvel of swift relief!
What happens at intervals rare
 Came now in the hour of prayer.
The bamboo bloomed and bore fruit
 At the top of each jointed shoot.
And every man ate bamboo rice
 Brought to his door without price.

The Tamarind Tree.

Under a spreading tamarind tree
 The village maestra sits.
The tree is green and fair to see
 And a tent of shade it knits.
And the pleasant juice of its sour fruit
 The need of the noonday fits.
Week in, week out, a stately dome,
 The tamarind tree stands guard,
Above the little nipa home,
 Though storms blow long and hard
You can watch it close its leaves at night,
 When the dark creeps o'er the yard.
And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door,
They see the bench and rattan stool,
 The slat-made bamboo floor,
They see the Americano flag
 And photographs galore.

Cavite by Moonlight.

Have you walked in Cavite by moonlight,
Under the Southern Cross,
In that old, old town,
On the low sea-wall,
While the long waves call,
And the big boats toss,
And a trail of sea-fire glows softly white,
'Neath the stroke of oarsmen brown?

Have the shattered stones of the rampart
Told you the tale of war,
When the cannon boomed,
And the arsenal's clang,
Loud through the navy-yard rang,
While the people fled, nor asked what for,
Not knowing the hope cherished long in their
heart,
In that very hour had bloomed?

And then have you walked her streets, by day,
Under the almond trees,
Where a free flag waves,
And free men walk,
And the schoolboys of liberty talk?
Ah, the best of all that one ever sees
Is the dream come at last to stay,
The hope which destiny saves.

The Carabao.

Trailing-footed, patient friend,
Jest of foreigner,
Well we know that we depend,
On your steady plodding.

Through the mud you drag the plow,
In the big rice paddy,
Deep-eyed, bow-horned carabao,
Till your gray coat's muddy.

When the stranger wonders how
To transfer his baggage,
Comes the ready carabao
With a carretela.

When your daily labors close,
At the Angelus,
I shall see your round, black nose,
Just above the water.

Carabao, I have been told,
Sometimes you grow frantic,
If you have not duly rolled
In some loved estero.

Are you, carabao, a type,
Of these Malay islands,
Biding long the hour that's ripe,
To throw off your burden?

Sore-tried, patient, orient friend,
Better days await you,
Your worthy cause men will defend,
Till roads and masters suit you.

The Festal Spread.

The table-cloth of linen,
From Yokohama came,
And o'er its maze of beauty,
Anon they would exclaim.
Wisterias graced its center
And all around the edge
Hem-stitch and wondrous drawn-work,
Enclosed them in a hedge.

The plates were thinnest china,
With tall bamboos and cranes,
With Fuji on the border,
All wrought with careful pains,
Their napkins were crepe paper,
Each spoon a story had.
But 'twas the bowl of satsuma
That chiefly made them glad.

The menu? Mainly dulces
Of many curious kinds,
Of camias and chicos,
One in tiendas finds,
With bland red guava jelly,
Balubads balimbings,
A little bread and butter,
To eat with other things.

Boiled water filled their glasses,
They nibbled chocolate,
And cast admiring glances,
Upon their bamboo plate,
And if for other dainties,
These festal teachers sighed,
The satsuma's golden splendor
Their longings satisfied.

Benguet.

The palm and the pine-tree met
 In the land of orient isles,
And we gathered the violet
 While tears bedimmed our smiles.

We seemed to be home for a day,
 The East we seemed to forget,
I'm afraid we longed to stay,
 In the beautiful hills of Benguet.

The Philippines.

O eastern isles, where sunshine smiles,
 The world is watching you,
To see you grasp and strongly clasp
 A chance that's great and new.

With throbbing heart she takes a part,
 In all your toil and hope,
Your patient strife for freer life,
 Along the upward slope.

She asks to share your load of care,
 And pledges you her best,
'Tis give and take for love's sweet sake,
 That lends to life its zest.

O Philippines, the Vision means
 To point you to your own,
O rise and claim, with heart aflame,
 The good to you made known.



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